Montpelier; Miss Florence Corry, Montpelier; Louis Diven, Reading; Dr. Lester W. Fish, Los Angeles; Senator Ralph E. Flanders, Springfield; Wm. R. Folsom, Chicago; F. W. Fowler, Hamden, Conn.; Franklin County Historical Society through Mrs. Ruth A. Leach, Enosburg; Ralph N. Hill, Burlington; H. H. Jackson, Barre; Fay Jacobs, Guilford; Mrs. Maitland Jenkins, Bradford; Abraham Kamer, Brooklyn; Mrs. Winifred Lovering-Holman, Lexington, Mass.; Mrs. Everitt Marrs, Richmond; L. Miller, St. Petersburg; National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier; Miss Mary O. Pollard, Middlebury; Harold G. Rugg, Hanover, N. H.; Miss Mildred Sawyer, Wianno, Mass.; Mrs. Ralph Shrader, Boston, Mass.; Charles D. Stevens, Lyndonville; Robert A. Tompkins, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Tennie Gaskill Toussaint, Danville; Miss Marjorie Wait, Wilmette, Ill.; Mrs. E. B. Benedict, Burlington; Association of American Railroads.

OUR STORY OF THE MONTH

A Civil War Issue is Settled

The Hon. Arthur G. Follette of Weston does not know the source of this story—nor do we—but knowing the ancient rivalry between Vermont and Massachusetts in elder days, we hope that the tale is true.

At one time during the Civil War several regiments, encamped and inactive, were visited by a travelling preacher who held rousing revival services. He called on the Colonel of a Vermont regiment, and boasted in the course of the conversation that he had already baptized 25 men in the Nth Massachusetts Regiment. The Colonel listened grimly, then turned to his Adjutant and said briskly: "Adjutant, detail 50 men to be baptized. I won't have any damned Massachusetts regiment outdo mine for piety!"

A. W. P.

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Leon S. Gay, President; Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director and Editor.

VHS *News and Notes*
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Montpelier, Vermont

Sec. 34.66
P. L. & R.

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

News & Notes

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

Volume 2 June 1951 Number 10

A CENTURY FARM STORY

by

Tennie Gaskill Toussaint

In gathering data for our Century Farm project, Mrs. Toussaint, historically wise, also harvested stories, tales, and incidents which have a definite interest and meaning. We hope to offer our readers other sketches as the year passes. Editor.

While collecting facts in the town of Danville for the Century Farm project, I assembled various bits of information aside from the statistical data required on the forms issued by the Society.

Among the historical facts, places, folklore and family stories were two of especial interest about Indians.

The family records of the twelve Century Farms verified in Danville traced back from 1846 to 1788 through recorded farm deeds. Several of the farms were known to have been in the possession of descendents of the same families for even longer periods but without record.

Anyone reading these early dates might say, "Why, there must have been Indians around then!" On one farm, at least, there really were Indians.

In a small leather brass-studded trunk in the old farmhouse attic Mr. and Mrs.

Beverly Bacon of Harvey's Hollow in Danville found an old hand-written deed, yellow and brittle with age, which stated that "One Nathanial Chamberlain of Newbury, deeded part of lot 56 in the 1st. Division of Danville, etc. - - to Eliakin Hunt on January 28, 1800."

This is Mr. Bacon's story:

This place came into the Bacon family from my great-grandmother, who was Mary Ann Hunt, daughter of Eliakin Hunt. She married David Bacon, my grandfather. I know this present house was the second house to be built on this farm, and this one was built in 1800. Come over to the window here. Can you see where about a third of the farther end of the barn is newer than the rest? Well, that old part was built away up here on the hill five or six years before this house was built. My great-grandparents lived down in the pasture nearer the Brook (Joe's Brook).

There's an old cellar hole there still. They only kept their young stock up here in this barn, winters. When the old road went through this way from Harvey's Hollow to Peacham and West Danville, it went just below the barn; so they built their new house up here beside it.

Now, the main road goes along the Brook, where you came today, before you turned to come up to our place.

There were bears and Indians here in those days. I remember my father, John Bacon, telling me about one time grandmother had been down to Harvey's Hollow visiting, and she was walking home on that old road I've been telling you about. It was along in the evening, almost dark. She heard a noise, looked around and saw a bear following her. She began to walk faster and the bear began to walk faster. She slowed up to get her breath; the bear slowed up, too. At last she got to the house and grandfather went out with his shotgun, but he missed the bear, and he lumbered off into the woods.

There used to be some Indians living up here near the barn when great-grandfather's folks lived down in the other house in the pasture. I've heard grandmother tell about them. An old Indian and his squaw had their wigwam right out here in front of where our garage is now. When we used to plow there before the garage was built, there was quite a lot of charcoal where they had their campfire.

They were very friendly with great-grandfather's folks. They used to borrow a small brass kettle of great-grandmother's to cook in. When they brought it back, there was always a piece of venison or other choice meat in it, and it was polished right up and shining. Great-grandmother never could get it polished to shine like the Indians did; so one day when they brought it back polished up so you could see your face in it, she asked the old Indian how they managed to make it shine so. "Heap big sand," he said. We've still got that kettle up attic.

There are some big flat stones down in the Brook, and the Indians used to take their clothes down there to wash them. When great-grandfather's folks started to build this house here near the barn, as I told you, in 1800, the Indians moved their wigwam down to Keazer Pond, about a quarter of a mile from here.

There's an old bow-gun here that belonged to great-grandfather and a peace pipe, made by the Indians. Grandfather used to tell my father how he'd heard how the Indians each took a turn at smoking the pipe at a council meeting. If the council was not too serious, only a whiff apiece, but if very serious, two or three whiffs.

There are some Indian mounds around here, too. Quite a few small ones down here in the pasture back of the house. I remember mowing by hand down there with my father. He'd mow over the mounds very carefully, but I clipped the tops off some of them more than once. When he told me they were Indian mounds, I was anxious to dig into them to see what we could find. But father said, "No, they've rested there for quite a while, I guess we'll let them rest."

They are made of sand. I suppose there are Indians buried in them. Father said they always buried all their treasures with them and covered them with a lot of sand. Instead of bringing flowers they brought sand and covered the bodies. There's a big mound out in the field, probably twenty feet through. There's no sand anywhere around in the soil near these mounds; so it must have been carried in from away somewhere.

There were a couple of fellows here a few years ago and when they saw these mounds, they wanted permission to dig into them. I said I guessed not. They said, "There might be a lot of valuables in them. Would you let us dig if we gave you half of anything we find?" I told them, no, that I guessed if there was any digging to be done I would do it.

"Just the same, I'd like to dig into one sometime, just to see what's in it," Mrs. Bacon remarked.

* * *

Before Mr. Bacon told me about the Indians on his farm Guy Pettengill, who did not prove to be a Century Farmer, told me there was a sulphur spring with some stone steps leading from an old unused road down to the spring beside this same Joe's Brook. This would be five or six miles south of Bacon's farm. The stone steps continue on the other side of the road up onto an elevation, where, so Mr. Pettengill says, there used to be an Indian village. He has been told the stone steps were built by the Indians from their village to the spring. When the road was made through that section, the steps were disrupted for the width of the road. The road is now impassible for cars, and the area of the supposed Indian village must be grown up to underbrush, as I recall it. I once walked this old road, but, unfortunately, did not then know about the spring and stone steps.

MORE PLACE NAMES AND THEIR HISTORY

Know Any Interesting Names?

4. The Hon. Samuel B. Penttengill (VHS) writes from Evanston, Ill.: "According to my father, somewhere in Vermont, 100 years ago, there was a stream called Lemon Fair. The origin of this name is as extraordinary as anything I have ever heard. An old man had to ford this stream on horseback when he went to town. One day he bought pepper, salt, and some spices—all put up in paper bags. Meantime, there had been a cloudburst, and when he returned to cross the stream his horse stumbled, and the old man floundered around in the water until his purchases were dissolved . . . This was a great calamity. The old man told about it for months to come. He always wound up by saying it was a 'lamentable affair.' But because he stuttered somewhat, he shortened the above phrase to a very 'lemonable affair.' Hence, the stream, at least at that point, became Lemon Fair."

Mr. Pettengill's explanation is a legendary one. The stream still is known as Lemon Fair and is in the Vergennes region. Another version has it that a young couple drowned in the stream. Actually, the "Lemon Fair" is probably a corruption of a French word, used when the French were settled in that section before the English came, and the word meant a muddy stream. The English version might easily shift to "Lemon Fair." We will report on this possibility later.

5. *Foot Street.* Every street has a history—often one that is a vital footnote to the history of a town or village. G. D. MacQuivey (VHS) writes from Wendell, Idaho: "There is a Foot Street in Middlebury where we used to live. The first settler on this road was named Foot. In the later period around 1700 he built a fine colonial house which is still standing and will stand for centuries unless burned or torn down. Since this house was in the geographical center of the town of Middlebury, the first Congregational church was organized in a large barn located there. Residents from all over the countryside came there every Sunday to worship; and the story goes that they used to stop at the old Prof. Means' residence in what is now the village, change their footwear to their Sunday boots, and thus attired, walk the two miles to church all dressed up . . . When our family moved there in 1900, we named the farm 'Midland Farm' because it was in the center of the town . . . It appears that the original intention was to locate the village there, but the Otter Creek falls drew the industrially minded to the present location, and Midland Farm is now two miles from the village."

6. *Quaker Village.* This name, according to Mr. Loyal S. Fox (VHS) of Queens Village, Long Island, was the original name of the present Weybridge Village for the obvious reason that Quakers once lived there. Mr. Fox also sends

notes on these:

7. *The Bow.* The Otter Creek forms a big bow in the town of Weybridge.

8. *Fox Pond* in the town of Wallingford. Now called Elfin Lake. Originally named for the Fox family, early settlers in Wallingford.

9. *St. Rocks.* Mr. Gilbert H. Doane (LMVHS) explains the name: "A hamlet in the town of Fairfield. Until I came across a reference in the records of the Episcopal Church (Trinity) in Fairfield, I had supposed that it was a jocular reference to the rocky pastures and fields in the vicinity . . . However, when a new building was being erected for Trinity parish in Fairfield Center, worship was held at St. Roque's in the north part of the Town. Now Roque is a perfectly good French saint, and there are a few churches in England dedicated to him. Apparently, in the 1830's there was such a church in the hamlet, which, had Smithfield continued as a separate town, would have become a main village in it. The spelling is obviously corrupted into Roc or Rocks."

(*Other place names and explanations will follow. Editor.*)

BUSINESSES THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Our Institutional Members

The shadowy fingers of the past that reach into our present days are guiding them far beyond the casual understanding of many good people. The principle holds true particularly of business in economic terms and also in human relationships. For instance, the markets of today were made by trends of the past.

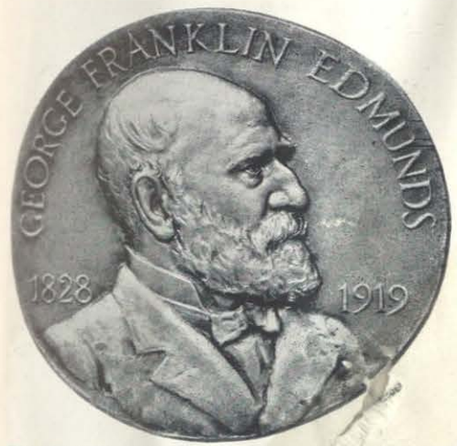
Historical economic studies are now in process, but at this moment we wish to commend to our members, specifically our members who come to Vermont for the summer either as pleasure seekers or for business purposes, this list of our institutional members. It can be safely assumed that the owners or managers are the type of men with vision and understanding of the fact that today is made possible by many yesterdays, and that today becomes tomorrow with fulfillment by way of success or failure. We have information about all these firms, and we will be glad to answer queries about them. This list stands as of June 4.

Abel's, Inc., Rutland; Geo. F. Adams Co., Moscow; Ascutney Forge, Ascutney, Vt.; Barrows Coal Co., Brattleboro; Beecher Falls Manufacturing Co., Beecher Falls; Blair-Vermont Plywood Co., North Troy; Brattleboro Trust Co., Brattleboro; Brigham Gelatine Co., Randolph; The Burlington Savings Bank, Burlington; Cary Maple Sugar Co., St. Johnsbury; Central Vermont Public Service, Rutland; Champlain Valley Fruit Co., Burlington; Comolli and Co., Barre; Cone Automatic Machine Co., Inc., Windsor; Edlund Co., Burlington; Estey Organ Corporation, Brattleboro; Col. Fairfax Ayers, Shaftsbury (maple syrup); The Fellows Gear Shaper Co., Springfield; The Free Press Association, Burlington; S. L. Garand and Co., Montpelier; Gilman Paper Company, Gilman; The Jackman Co., East Corinth; Jones and Lamson Company, Springfield; National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier; New England Power Company, Boston; The North Country Press, St. Albans; Ortiz Motor Sales, Barre; Polygraphic Company of America, Inc., No. Bennington; Randall Co., Rutland; Rising and Nelson Slate Co., Inc., West Pawlet; Albert Rosenblatt and Sons, Rutland; Shearer Chevrolet Co., Inc., Burlington; C. P. Smith, Jr., Inc., Burlington; Smith Rutland Company, Inc., Rutland; Swanton Lime Works, Swanton; The Vermont Advertising Company, Burlington; Vermont Gateway Auto Co., Inc., Burlington; The Vermont Transit Company, Burlington; WCAX Broadcasting Company, Windsor Chamber of Commerce, Windsor; Yandow Motor Company, Burlington. Members not in business classification: Free Public Library Commission, Montpelier; Norman Williams Public Library, Woodstock; Sara Carpenter Memorial Library, Hinesburg.

YOUNG VERMONTERS AND OLD VERMONT

The Edmunds Memorial Essay Contest

A sturdy young Vermonter, not so long ago, was the member of a class told by a wise teacher to write an essay on some historical topic bearing on his own town. He objected visibly and vigorously to the



The Edmunds Medal Awarded in Essay Contest

assignment, and after the immemorial manner of youth and man could think of fifty-three reasons why he should not obey the request. But our wise teacher was obdurate, as teachers and parents ought to be, and the essay was written. He plunged into his subject, plowed through his references, wrote his essay; and we saw his written comment of triumph at the end, for he wrote "It was like finding gold ore in my back yard."

Our Edmunds contest is designed to help young Vermonters find "gold ore" in their back yards, to sense what lies back of the Vermont which we cherish and which Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia calls "The American's second state."

A former president of the Society, John Spargo, interested the daughter of U. S. Senator Edmunds in a plan to set up an essay contest. She created the fund which makes the contest possible. The state is divided into twelve districts, and prizes of $5, a bronze medal showing Senator Edmunds' profile, a certificate of merit signed by the State Commissioner of Education and President Gay of the Society are awarded to the best essay in each district. A second prize of $2.50 is also awarded in each district.

The twelve essays winning in each district are submitted to the board of judges, and the three best are given state honor awards—$75, $50, $25, and a certificate signed by President Gay and Governor Emerson.

We hope to set up a workable system so that individual members of the Society and clubs may be able to read the essays, for many of them are decidedly interesting and revealing. Actually, not only unique points of view but fresh facts drawn from sound documentary sources often appear. While the main purpose is to interest young Vermonters in the history of their state and locality, the training in research, the use of references, preparation of bibliographies, and so on are involved also.

Here are the winners of the state honor prizes this year: $75—David C. Arms, Burlington H. S., essay "The Story of our Farm,"; $50—Ruel G. Barrett, Bradford Academy, essay—"Samuel Morey and the Steamboat"; $25—Maybelle Hopkins, Lyndon Institute, essay—"Lyndon's First Newspaper."

We hope to have one or more of these essays read by the young historians at our summer meeting. Their parents and teachers will be invited to attend as our guests.

Honorable mention: John A. Vaillancourt, St. Anne Academy, essay—"A History of Swanton"; Mary Lull, Shelburne H. S., essay—"The Maple Sugar Industry"; Gary M. Fay, Proctor H. S., essay—"The Pardon."

A VERMONT GIRL MEETS LAFAYETTE

On a June Day in 1825

Anna Gertrude Bullock, 380 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn., sends us a pleasant note in which she writes "as one of the older generation, I feel my work is finished, and so, in the words of Gen. MacArthur, 'Like an old soldier, I fade away.' "

She sends, also, the story told by her grandmother, who lived to be 102 years old, of her meeting with Lafayette.

We wish that members of the older Vermont generations would "fade" in the same useful way and send us stories heard and recalled and any heirlooms that will speak of the older days to new generations.

Here is the story that Sarah Wilder Bullock told (born in Guilford, May 6, 1791) as written down by Mrs. Bullock:

Grandmother Wilder Bullock lived to be 102 years old and told many stories of Vermont life, but the one we loved best was the one told in her own words of her meeting Lafayette on "Bunker Hill Day."

On that beautiful day, June 17, 1825, she had gone from her old Vermont home, with her aged father, one of Gen. Washington's old soldiers, to greet Lafayette on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, when Lafayette was to lay the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.

About seventy of the old soldiers had made the long hard journey to get there, one, Capt. Clark, ninety-five years old, had been three days making the journey from Lebanon, Ct. But like all the old soldiers, they forgot they were shaky and tired in their pleasure to greet once more "The Boy Lafayette," as they still fondly called him.

There was a grandstand for the invited guests and a seat of honor for Gen. Lafayette, but when he saw the old soldiers, down on benches below the grandstand, he said, "No, this is not the place for me, it is down there with those old soldiers." And so the beloved "Boy Lafayette" sat with the old men.

Grandmother said young Daniel Webster made the most wonderful address that had ever been heard. He was, she thought, very eloquent, but she liked best the prayer made by the aged Reverend Joseph Thaxter, who, her father told her, had blessed them fifty years ago when they went out to fight for God and Country. They were young and he was young, now they were old and he was old, but their country was saved.

After Gen. Lafayette had laid the cornerstone, he greeted the old soldiers by a kiss on both cheeks, and told them, "They were made of good stuff." He greeted our Grandmother the same way, and told her she must be very proud to be the daughter of one of Gen. Washington's soldiers.

Grandmother was pleased to be so noticed by the great Gen. Lafayette. She made a vow that if she ever married and had a son his name should be Lafayette. She did marry Capt. Lovell Bullock, Vermont, War of 1812, and had a son who was called Lafayette.

Sarah Wilder Bullock
Age 100 Years

But when the third son was born, Grandfather Bullock kept a vow made by Capt. William Bullock to old Capt. Lovell back in the French and Indian War days, that the name "Lovell" should be kept in the Bullock family—out of gratitude to Capt. Lovell, who had saved him from being killed by an Indian.

So Vermont Bullocks for four generations have kept the name "Lovell Bullock."

* * *

Here is an interesting note that came with Mrs. Bullock's gift of a doily:

This doily was made from a piece of great-grandmother Janette (Knox) Ward Bullock's wedding sheet (June 14, 1779). Worked with silk spun by Capt. Lovell Bullock's silkworms. In the center of the doily is the last cocoon.

The Legislature of Vermont passed an act offering 25 cents a pound for every pound of cocoons raised in the state; 25 cts. for every pound of raw silk reeled from cocoons; 25 cts. for every pound of sewing silk manufactured therein.

On the "farms" Capt. Lovell Bullock set out 7 acres of mulberry trees to feed the silkworms. Visitors came by stage coach from Boston to watch the worms feed.

Little five-year-old Edmund L. Bullock, unnoticed by the caretakers, visited the attic and carried away leaves and worms to feed his pet chickens.

In 1847 Capt. Bullock gave up the experiment of silk-worm culture as it was too arduous an undertaking.

ANOTHER UNNATURAL HISTORY NOTE

A Rare Type of the Genus Salmo

We are not interested in any items of rare fauna found in other states—only those which by virtue of Vermont's unique climate and general environment have developed certain characteristics.

Professor Johnson in the last issue of *News and Notes* clearly described the Vermont hoop-snake, the rubber-neck owl, the riverter raven. Arthur W. Hawkins, well-known in Vermont as an outdoors man, also head of the Vermont Advertising Company, (VADS), Burlington, has finally laid at rest a rumor that furred trout have been found in certain Vermont streams. His technical exegesis goes as follows:

This fur-bearing trout is found in the icy, spring-fed headwaters of remote streams whose higher reaches carry snow-water from the peaks and pockets of the Green Mountains well into the summer.

Naturally, these trout are a race of runts. Rarely do they grow to a legal six inches; their rate of growth and their food supply are inhibited by the low temperature of these headwaters. To assist in their survival, nature has so far adapted the species to its environment that they are covered with a fine fur — trout fur. And it should be noted that a fishing license is not required for the taking of fur bearers.

The difficulty, of course, is to find them. The best time is between winter and summer when ice-worms can be found — the only bait that appeals to them. Ice-worms, however, are brittle — too brittle to thread on a hook unless you use a heated hook which requires the use of a few matches. Heating the hook means that your bait becomes practically invisible; ice-worms are transparent. The expert fisherman adds a bit of red flannel, casts his bait carefully on the water to avoid splintering the bait, and with luck he may bring to creel a furred trout. Unfortunately, as he descends from the high mountain regions, the trout tends to evaporate and vanish, but reputable men have caught them, and the evidence of their existence, as shown in this detailed exposition substantiates the fact that they are a reality.

NEW EXHIBITS FOR THE MUSEUM

Summer Month Plans

Special exhibits drawn from those in reserve will be in fashion through the summer months. Here are a few of the items arranged for Children's Day which will be held through the summer meeting of the Society and probably longer: a christening dress made for Darius Green, born in Mt. Holly, Vt., in 1815; infants' and children's clothes worn on a Vermont farm when Miss Carrie Willey of Montpelier was a little girl; a pair of child's boots made by an itinerant cobbler in Barre; a tiny silver teaspoon made for Almira Torry Blake by a silversmith, probably a Mr. Foster of Chelsea in 1840.

With July fourth in mind, Miss Clara Follette and Mrs. Charles Nivens of the staff have also arranged exhibits such as a "wounded drum," struck by a musket ball as the drummer held it above his head in swimming across a river in retreat before an enemy. Also appropriate to the season is the Marmaduke Wait case, containing a black lace shawl, a teakwood backgammon and checkers box inlaid with ivory, an ivory letter seal, and silver coin case, also an unusual engraved whale's tooth. These articles were brought by clipper ship from Canton, China. Marmaduke Wait, who was in the China trade, was the son of Col. Joseph Wait, famous French and Indian War fighter of Roger's Rangers who died in Clarendon, Vt., of wounds received at Valcour Island in 1776. This exhibit is the gift of the great-granddaughter of Marmaduke Wait, Miss Marjorie A. Wait of Wilmette, Ill.

DRAW A CIRCLE AROUND THIS DATE — JULY 20

Summer Meeting Announcement

Nearly two hundred of our members and friends assembled for the summer meeting last July, and the general verdict was in favor of another such meeting. We can promise that it will be alive and interesting. While Friday, July 20th, will be the official day, we are planning a special occasion at the Atwater Kent Tavern on Thursday the 19th. A complete announcement will be sent at an early date to all members. If you live in Vermont or are planning to visit the state in the summer, we trust you will mark the date on your calendar of days worth while.

Those who wish to make hotel reservations should write the Pavilion or the Tavern, Montpelier, Vermont. We will be of all assistance possible, and queries will be answered promptly.

OUR STORY OF THE MONTH

A Tale Out of Early Circus Days

Just when the first circus appeared in Vermont seems misty as far as records are concerned, but this anecdote, which has many variations, dates back into the early days when small circuses toured the state.

One such circus, after playing in Brandon, crossed the mountains through Brandon Notch. On the way, the sole animal in the menageries, a chimpanzee, died. He was tossed into the bushes beside the road. A day later, two farmers spotted him. After looking him over, one remarked: "He don't look like anybody down my way." The other agreed that he didn't resemble any of his neighbors; then he added, "Let's go down to Middlebury and see if any of the faculty's missin'."

(Our Director is a graduate of Middlebury).

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Leon S. Gay, President; Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director and Editor,
Mrs. Louise E. Koier, Associate Editor.

VHS *News and Notes*
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Montpelier, Vermont

Sec. 34.66
P. L. & R.

POSTAGE PAID BY
STATE OF VERMONT

MONTPELIER
JUN 26
1951
VT.

Mr. Worth A. Shampeny
Rochester, Vermont

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

News & Notes

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

Volume 2 July 1951 Number 11

1. At the Head Table (left to right): Mr. Arms, Mrs. Arms, David C. Arms, Director Peach, Mrs. Johnson, Prof. Johnson, Gov. Emerson, President Gay, Mr. Dunn.

HISTORY AT THE GRASS-ROOT LEVEL

Emphasized in Talks by Johnson and Dunn at Summer Meeting Dinner. L. E. K.

A delighted audience alternately chuckled and listened intently as Prof. Burges Johnson of Stamford, Vt., spoke on "Vermont Folklore at the Grass-root Level" at the summer meeting dinner, July 19. Professor Johnson, who is the author of several books, a former professor of English at Vassar College and Syracuse University, a lecturer and a former Editor-in-chief of *Judge,* has his roots in Vermont and his appreciation of Vermont humor is deep and provocative. His talk, sparkling with anecdotes culled from his own family collection, stressed the contributions to folklore constantly being made by incidents based on fact, which are embellished and enriched as they pass from one generation to another. This type of thing, he said, is always fluid; it never "jells;" if it did, it would not be folklore. He also stressed the speed with which such lore travels from one region and one state to another, a fact which many in the audience later corroborated.

Speaking on "The Library and the Historical Society," John Taylor Dunn, Librarian of the New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, N. Y., also brought history into the realm of our everyday life. Starting with the thesis that "junk is history," he showed by actual experiences in New York, how extremely valuable the dust-covered contents of our attics may prove to be. Letters, old account books, diaries, newspaper clippings, even seemingly prosaic discarded household utensils, he said, all throw light on the manners and thought of their period.